1st.

A PROLOGUE

By Mrs. *Behn* to her New PLAY,

CALLED

Like Father, like Son,

OR THE

Miſtaken Brothers,

Spoken by Mrs. *Butler*.

5. Aprill. 1682.

LOrd what a Houſe is here, how Thin 'tis grown!
As Church 'ere Conventicling was put down:
Since all the Brave are to *Newmarket* gone!
Declining States-men are abandon'd too,
Who ſcarce a Heartleſs *Whigg* will Viſit now:
Who once had Crowds of Mutineers in Faſhion,
Fine drawn in Cullys of th' *Aſſociation*:
Sparks, Juſtices and Jurymen by Dozens,
Whom his perverted late betrays and Cozens.
But change of Scene, having unvail'd their Cheats,
Penſive State Puſs alone, Majeſtick Sits;
Purr's on his pointleſs Miſchiefs, tho' in vain;
Verſes are all the Darlings of his Brain.
So we who having Plotted long to pleaſe,
With new Parts, new Cloathes, new Face, new-Dreſs;
To draw in all the yielding Hearts o'th' Town,
His Highneſs comes and all our Hopes are gone.
Ah Fickle Youth, what laſting Joys have we,
When Beauty thus is left for Loyalty;
I would to Heaven ye had been all *Whiggs* for me:
Whilſt Honeſt *Tory* Fools abroad do Roame,
Whigg Lovers Slay and Plot, and Love at Home.
Nay one Advantage greater far than this,
The Party helps to keep their Miſtreſſes.
The Devils it't if I'm not Fine and Vain,
Whom publick Bank Contribute to Maintain.

Epilogue

Epilogue ſpoken by Mr. Gevan.

AND now *Meſſieurs*, what do you ſay,
Unto our Modern Conſcientious Play?
Nor *Whigg*, nor *Tory* here can take Offence,
It Libels neither Patriot, Peer nor Prince.
Nor Sheriff, nor Burgeſs, nor the Reverend Gown;
Faith Here's no Scandal worth Eight Hundred Pound,
Our Damage is at moſt but Half a Crown.
Only this Difference you muſt allow,
That you receive th' Affront and pay us too;
Would ſome Body had manag'd matters ſo.
Here's no Reflection on Damn'd Witneſſes,
We Scorn ſuch out of Faſhion things as theſe,
They fail to be Belov'd, and fail to Pleaſe.
No *Salamanchian* Doctorſhip's Abus'd
Nor a Malitious State man here Accus'd.
Tho' here are Fools of every Faſhion,
Except State Fools, the Fools of Reformation.
And theſe Originals decline ſo faſt,
We ſhall have none to Copy by at laſt.
There's *Joe* and *Jack* a pair of Whining Fools — Pointing at Mr. *Williams*, Mr. *Wiltſhire*.
And *Leigh*, and I, Dull, Lavish, Creeping Tools.
Bowman's for Miſchief all, and carry's on
With Faun and Sneer as Gilting *Whigg* has done,
But like theirs too, his Projects are o'r thrown.
Sweet Miſtris *Corall* here has loſt her Lover,
Pſhaw *Engliſh* or *Iriſh* ground ſhall find another.
Poor Madam *Butler* too, are you defeated, — To Mrs. *Butler*.
You never were before ſo baſely Cheated.
Here Miſtris *Betty*, Hah! ſhe's grown a very Woman,
Thou'ſt got me Child, better me than no man.
Here's Blundering *Richards* is my Huffing Eſquire,
Damn me, the beſt in *England*'s ſort, d'e hear.
Is that your Cue come nearer, Faith thy Face
Has Features not unlike *Joe Haines*'s Grace.
Impudence aſſiſt thee, and boldly try
To ſpeak for us, and for the Comedy.

Mr. Richards *Speaks.*

I'le do't Gallants, I'le Juſtify this Play;
Od Zoons 'tis Good, and if you lik'd you may.

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